



HE DAY EXPRESS ON THE UNION PACIFIC WAS BEHIND TIME. It was due at Sacramento at 4 p.m., but it now looked as if it would be nearly 5 before it would reach that city.

Like a huge town on wheels it had climbed to the top of the Sierras and went thundering down into the peaceful valley of the Sacramento with its wheat fields a yellowish gold.

With his inheritance Jasper took from his father all the latter's strength of character and application to business. To Thaddeus, however, nothing seemed to come with the money save a desire to get rid of it.

"Recognizing the fact that it is entirely due to the extraordinary industry and business sagacity of my father, Robert Faircamp, one of the pioneer settlers of this State, that I am possessed of the fortune disposed of by this will, and being extremely desirous that the fortune be put to use for an honored and influential one, it is my will and I so order and direct that, in case of my decease leaving no male issue, one-half of my property shall go to and vest in the oldest son of my brother Thaddeus, his heirs and assigns forever; in default of such male issue then the entirety to go to and vest in my beloved wife Helen."

This sudden and terrible taking off of husband and child effected the complete devastation of Helen Faircamp's mind. Never of a rugged build, she faded under the awful vision like a flower stricken by a pitiless blast.

At the outset her insanity was characterized by violent outbursts, in which she attempted in the wildest conglomeration to flee from the danger of a rapidly approaching railway train that seemed about to crush her to pieces beneath its wheels and tracks of steel; but gradually all these inclinations to violence disappeared and her lunacy developed into that unbroken silence, mournful indifference, and loss of memory which characterize that form of mental aberration designated by the name of mania.

Under the plea that the sea-air of San Francisco was too severe for Jasper's widow, Thaddeus and his wife caused her removal to their home in the outskirts of Oakland, a large, rambling and airy habitation, completely shut in from the world by hedges and impenetrable clumps of trees and shrubbery. It was not such a place as in the world's opinion should have been chosen for the retreat of a young woman suffering from melancholia, but the world is forced to admit that Jasper's widow was in the very best of hands, and that if any treatment could possibly win her back to reason again, she would find it under the roof of her husband's brother. But one thing the world was interested in.

and that was, would the vast Faircamp estate ever be divided by the birth of a son to the brother who until now had been so assiduous in his efforts to scatter the gold heaped up by his father, the hard-working and provident pioneer?

The world had not long to wait, for about eight months after the admission of the will to probate Mr. and Mrs. Thaddeus Faircamp gave notice through the public prints of both cities of the birth to them of a son to whom, in perpetuation of the fame of the sturdy and honest pioneer, the name of Robert was given. In spite of Thad Faircamp's unsavory reputation the world was glad to know that the vast estate was to be divided, for after all Thad must needs be satisfied with wasting the income of this half. He would have no power to touch the principal.

With the rounding up of another year came another piece of intelligence concerning the Faircamp family. Thad was in trouble again, and this time there was no brother to rush to his assistance. It was alleged in various quarters that by the skillful manipulation of bogus mining claims he had succeeded in obtaining considerable sums of money, and that so flagrant had been his dealings that his only safety lay in flight. This was the course he chose, and he disappeared from the city, together with his wife and child.

His brother's widow was placed in an institution for the care of the insane by Col. Barstow, the family attorney.

dearly notified by Thad of his action consequent upon his conspiracy departure from the city. Her proper scientific treatment Mrs. Jasper Faircamp was not slow to recover both mental and physical health. She awoke as from a dream, to be told of the birth of the newborn heir to effect a division of her husband's estate, of her brother-in-law's ill-gotten money, transactions and his enforced departure from the State; yes, possibly from the country itself, in company with his wife and child. She did not regret it. She had always dreaded Thad's influence upon her husband, and hence there had never been any love lost between them. Mrs. Jasper Faircamp was still a handsome woman, and a few months later set out for Europe in company with a sister, with the intent of being absent for a term of years. Her brother-in-law and his family passed utterly from her mind. In her letters to Col. Barstow she never once asked whether they had ever been heard from, or in what part of the world they were sojourning. They were quite as good as dead to her.

CHAPTER II. THE AUSTRALIAN BARON. It would soon be ten years since the day express in its mad haste to make up lost time had leaped to its destruction in the valley of the Sacramento. Mrs. Jasper Faircamp had in this long interval made only one visit to America. But now came a call from Col. Barstow, and she set out at once upon the receipt of the cablegram which read as follows: "Imperative that you should return to San Francisco at once. Rely unhesitatingly upon my judgment." "Barstow."

In a little less than two weeks the Colonel was seen to extend an extremely cordial welcome to a tall and distinguished-looking lady at his office on Montgomery street. It was Mrs. Jasper Faircamp, whose eyes were eloquent with entreaty to make known to her as quickly as possible the reason for this unceremonious recall. Her former guardian, for such he had been before her marriage, motioned her to be seated.

"My dear Helen," he began in a tone of voice which seemed strikingly solemn to Mrs. Faircamp, "I have within a few months made a strange, a very strange discovery, namely, that your brother-in-law never committed any of the frauds of which he confessed himself guilty and on account of which he fled the country."

Col. Barstow's client could only fix her beautiful eyes upon her speaker with a dazed and almost shamefaced expression at her utter inability to comprehend the meaning of his words. The lawyer continued: "This fact, taken together with others, especially the mysterious way in which you were quickly recalled to this house at Oakland for several months after the loss of your mind and the many absurd reasons assigned by him for denying me the privilege of seeing with my own eyes what effect your loss of reason was having upon your general health, set me to thinking."

Helen Faircamp could only continue to watch the movement of the lawyer's lips with the same strained and puzzled look upon her face. "But my thoughts, Helen," resumed her listener, "were so disordered so disconnected and altogether chaotic that nothing came of my thinking except a mere suspicion—until two weeks ago, the very day I sent you the cablegram. That morning it suddenly occurred to me that I had been so startled, or shall I say perplexed, by the peculiar change in your appearance when Thad at last unlocked your prison doors and let you out into the world again, that I was upon the point of making known to you my suspicions at that time."

"Well, Colonel—what do you mean?" almost gasped Mrs. Faircamp, the color dying from her cheeks and her lips parting. "I mean, Helen," replied the lawyer, with dramatic gravity, "that I believe you to be the mother of that child known as Robert Faircamp—that you gave birth to during the period of your insanity, and that the Faircamp estate has been most wrongfully, iniquitously divided in halves."

Mrs. Faircamp sprang from her chair as if she had suddenly caught sight of a viper lying at her feet and coiled to strike. "The wretches! The wretches!" she exclaimed, in a tone of loathing. "Merciful heaven! what a blind, weak, trusting creature I have been. Now it all comes back to me. My own wonder at the change you refer to, my mysterious and unaccountable fancies upon awakening from that terrible dream. Yes, yes; you're right, Colonel. I am the mother of that child, and God forgive me for being so blind, so weak, so unwomanly! But, Colonel, it is not late yet to right this infamous wrong. Where are those wretches? Let us hunt them down at any cost."

"Calm yourself, my dear Helen," said the lawyer, with a kindly look gathering in his gentle, gray eyes. "By a strange coincidence I learned of their whereabouts at the very time I discovered that there never had been any reason for Thad's fleeing the country." "And where are they?" asked Mrs. Faircamp breathlessly. "Somewhere in Eastern Australia," answered Barstow, "where Thad is the owner of an extensive sheep ranch, and the devil has looked after his own, for he has become a veritable robber baron, if I may so express it, full of reckless daring and the boon companion and fit associate of the worst characters of the Australian bush."

"I care not how great a robber he is or how bold and reckless he has become," cried Helen Faircamp, straightening herself up to her full height. "I'll face him in his den and hurl a mother's scorn and indignation at his head. I don't fear him. I never did, and as an open and acknowledged foe I shall not now; besides, have I not a champion as brave as he—a man never taught to spell the word 'impossible'?" "And who is he, Helen?" inquired Barstow with an air of amused inquiry. "None other than Col. Heber Barstow," exclaimed Helen, laying her daintily gloved hand confidently in the lawyer's soft aristocratic palm.

The Colonel blushed. "What could we be afraid of, my dear Colonel," exclaimed Helen. "Have we not the law on our side?" The Colonel smiled.

Col. Barstow learned that an English steamer would leave Honolulu in about ten days for the Australian port of Brisbane. They took passage at once on the outgoing China steamer, which touched at the Sandwich Islands.

Col. Barstow's intention was to involve the assistance of the authorities at Brisbane and, under the protection of a substantial escort, to strike across the continent in a westerly direction. The railway would set them on their journey as far as Charleville. From that point on it would be necessary to proceed on horseback. It would be a long and dangerous expedition through this vast tract of almost wilderness, for if the lawyer's information was correct Thad's ranch was situated somewhere beyond the headwaters of Lake Eyre to the north of Macomber river, and was known as Waldeck Hill. Here in fancied security, with a retinue of servants and hangers-on, had lived a life of wonderful fastidiousness. Looking down from his veritable baronial hall he could sweep the valley for fifty miles. It was impossible for friend or foe to approach Waldeck Hill without his knowledge.

At Brisbane, Col. Barstow, like a good soldier that he was, resolved to place no reliance whatever upon his own knowledge of this mysterious engagement. He at once proceeded to engage the services of Capt. Jim Terrill, one of the most noted scouts of his day and to authorize him to engage men and purchase horses and provisions. "Thad will never surrender alive," said Capt. Jim with a chuckle; "take my word for it, sir!" "I'm regularly armed with a warrant for his arrest," said Barstow quietly, and the commandant of the black police, who had been waiting for further orders to place his whole force at his disposal.

Capt. Jim merely nodded his head approvingly. "But there's something to be guarded against," he added. "What's that, Captain?" asked the lawyer. "Why, to keep Thad from killing the child through spite."

A suppressed cry of terror burst upon them. It was Helen Faircamp who had just entered the room. Jim Terrill started back with an exclamation of wonderment. "Other things, my brother your theory, sir," cried the scout, as he stood with his eyes riveted upon Helen's face. "That boy, which Thad and his wife claim to be theirs, is the perfect image, line for line, of this lady."

"You hear, Helen," exclaimed the lawyer, with a gleam of triumph in his gray eyes. "I knew I could not be wrong." Helen Faircamp's heart was too full for words. "Come, Capt. Jim," added the lawyer, "let's get off at the very earliest moment possible. I have a great deal of time as long as I could before getting the Faircamp estate in two halves. They must be joined again."

"Amen," cried Jasper's widow, with clasped hands and uplifted gaze. "It would have been well if this expedition in search of the boy had started for five or six months. During the winter the fatigues of such a journey would have been much more bearable. The slight degree of cold would have been far preferable to the extreme heat of the summer. The doctor and the little caravan set out under the command of Capt. Jim Terrill.

Barstow was astounded to find this wilderness traversed by well-constructed telegraph lines. "On the coast," said Capt. Jim, "the authorities had great trouble in protecting the lines from destruction at the hands of the natives, but the happy thought came to the engineer in charge to attach the wires to several of these native chiefs and to let them feel the effect of a series of heavy electrical shocks, which they received with the destruction of either poles or wires."

For days the trail lay through magnificent forests, the trees of which lifted their branches to the extraordinary height of 200 feet, and although coming as Barstow did from the land of gigantic sequoias and redwoods, he was admiring these grand specimens of vegetable growth. One thing that attracted his attention was the complete absence of underbrush in the vast forests, so that a wagon could be driven in any direction, and there arose no necessity for the use of cutters. Helen, as she asked for an explanation of what she termed the painted spots on the gum trees.

"What can you paint, madam," replied Capt. Jim, "is the natural color. The bark of these trees change in color as the season advances or draws to an end. Some are pink, others red, and look, the trunks of some are striped with blue bands or variegated with yellow spots!"

As the country grew more and more arid, Capt. Jim was observed to be greatly interested in the period of the horned cattle harnessed to the provision wagons. The wonderful instinct of these animals enables them to fix with great precision the direction necessary to take in order to reach water, and man has only to follow the lead of these creatures to find it. In other ways, too, the instinct of these animals proved serviceable to the travelers in the Australian bush, and Col. Barstow and Helen, who were riding together, were not a little surprised to see the leading team of oxen come to a sudden halt one morning. In spite of the cries and lashing of the drivers the animals refused to advance a step. "This is not a matter of ill-temper or unwillingness to do their work," said Capt. Jim to Barstow, at the same time calling out to the drivers to urge the beasts no more. "Eh?" continued the scout, "there are Indians concealed in the bush near us, or else we have struck one of their trails and the oxen have caught the scent and refuse to move forward."

"What is the cause of their dislike or dread of the natives?" asked Helen. "It's something that I can't explain," answered Capt. Jim, "but it is a fact nevertheless. My opinion is that the first oxen which were imported into Australia were cruelly treated by the Indians to such a degree that an aversion to the natives has been transmitted to the descendants of these cattle. This inherited recollection has become, in fact, an instinctive dread of a natural enemy."

Whether this conduct of the cattle was, as the scout explained it, a case of transmitted aversion or not, the drivers were absolutely unable, either by harsh means or gentle, to induce it. It started beasts to budge from their tracks. Under the direction of Capt. Jim the drivers proceeded to unharness the oxen, turn them with their backs to the trail and then by means of vigorous goading to force them to go backwards until they passed over the Indian trail, after which they were again hitched to the provision wagons and the little caravan was allowed to take its own direction. As Capt. Jim had predicted, it was a northerly one, and after a few days' longer march the loud bellowing of the cattle and joyful whinnying of the horses announced the fact that their keen nostrils had scented the presence of water, possibly from four or five miles distant. The scout was quite positive that it would prove to be the Macomber river, and

such was the case. In less than two hours the little party reached a clearing on the left bank of the river. Attention to a silver thread winding through the valley below them. It could only be seen when the rays of the morning sun fell upon it, but the scout had got his bearings.

"It's the Macomber, Colonel," said he meaningly, as he sat with his glass to his eyes, and then raising his right hand and pointing to a sugar-loaf mountain away off to the northward, its cleared sides dimly visible in the morning haze, he added, "and that's Waldeck Hill."

Helen Faircamp felt a strange sensation about her heart as she caught these words, and it seemed to her as if the air had suddenly lost its power to satisfy life, for he was not far from, for her cheeks reddened and she cried out to Waldeck Hill. "Captain? Think how we are soon to come face to face with these wretches?"

A half of several hours was made on the banks of the Macomber in order that the exhausted cattle and horses might thoroughly refresh themselves. Then the watchful scout, having received the reports of his men, he kept constantly thrown out picket fashion, gave the order to move. In two days, at the very latest, the party would reach Waldeck Hill. The first day was absolutely uneventful. The road now lay across a vast stretch of level, save the spots of arid surface now and then was split or rent into cracks or fissures of greater width. The heat was excessive, and the air almost unbreathable from the clouds of fine dust which seemed to sift down from the very sky. On the morning of the second day a low rumbling sound reached the trained ear of the scout, into whose hands Barstow had placed his own and another's life still dearer to him.

At once Terrill ordered the provision wagons to be driven into a vast stretch of level, save the spots of arid surface now and then was split or rent into cracks or fissures of greater width. The heat was excessive, and the air almost unbreathable from the clouds of fine dust which seemed to sift down from the very sky. On the morning of the second day a low rumbling sound reached the trained ear of the scout, into whose hands Barstow had placed his own and another's life still dearer to him.

"If you cannot act, I will." Helen bent her gaze inquiringly upon the Colonel's face. "Did you hear the low, distant roar?" she asked. "Yes," replied Barstow, "and I should say that a wind or rain storm is about to burst upon us, for every instant it gets louder and more like the roar of breakers on a rugged shore," remarked Helen, raising her glass and sweeping the northern sky, which, in spite of the Colonel's prediction, still remained to her clear, and untroubled, with that metallic gleam so common to the clouds of a stormy day. "The low, distant roar?" she asked.

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I propose now to remedy this neglect, and establish, through the agency of THE FARMERS' ALLIANCE newspaper, an abundant fund for the purpose specified. I can do this with the help of the present subscribers to the paper, and I now make them the following proposition: For every new subscriber sent us at our regular rate of \$1.00 per year, and marked "educational fund," we will set apart twenty cents for an

ALLIANCE EDUCATIONAL FUND, to be expended under the advice of the President, Secretary and Chairman of the Executive Committee, for the purposes specified above. Now, see how great a work a little effort by each subscriber will accomplish. One new name sent by each subscriber will raise a fund of nearly three thousand dollars for this work. With that amount of money judiciously and constantly employed, we can cover Nebraska will reform literature—we can have books published in the German, Bohemian and Swedish languages—we can form an Alliance in every school district in the state.

Will you help us? I pledge myself personally to the judicious and energetic use of the fund for the spread of Alliance work. ONE NEW NAME from each present subscriber will accomplish this great work. ARE YOU IN FAVOR OF IT? WILL YOU DO IT? Yours for the good cause, J. BURROWS.

The Laborer's Herald: The farmers have no just cause of complaint against the old party organs because of the latter's misrepresentation of the farmer's uprising. The old parties and the newspapers themselves have made them. Our mis-government has done this. Our mis-government with all its class laws is another production of farmer and labor votes. For, in these many years the working people of the country, and the farmers especially, have been lying down at the behest of the bosses, in the mud of political ignorance, begging the plug-batted dudes who run the banks, the party organs, the courts and the machinery of government, to use them as stepping stones. These genies, through long usage, have come to believe that they possess a legal right to tramp over the willing granger, and, if they want to, to spit on him, too. Still, however, there is no law to prevent the fellows who have thus been used as stepping stones at least those who know enough to get up if they want to, and brushing off the old party dirt from their clothes, become men like they ought to be. The power all lies with themselves.

THE ALLIANCE. The Peop's Economist: There is one thing that congress must not neglect, and that is the farmers' interest. They may ignore their demands if they wish, but just so sure as the sun rises in its daily course, so sure as its beams fall upon discontent and financial disorder, so sure will Democratic congressional neglect work disastrously in the South. The Alliance Reporter: When the bondholders and money speculators of Wall street overreaching even their greedy design, become involved in complications which threaten to thwart their schemes they have only to appeal to the secretary of the treasury for him to rush to their relief with liberal loans of the people's money, or graciously relieve them of their bonds at the liberal premium of 25 per cent. The Independent: According to the president's message the total production of silver in the United States for the year 1890 was 54,500,000 ounces while the government is buying and putting aside annually 24,000,000 ounces in the arts and manufactures we use annually 7,140,000 ounces. This shows that we are consuming 6,640,000 ounces more than our domestic products. We would, therefore, like to know wherein lies the danger of free coinage. The Alliance Herald: The old party press still cries aloud that the Alliance is dead. No doubt their readers hear them, but like a frog little attention is given to their cries, knowing full well that his air bag is large, but is filled with disease breeding miasma from stagnated marshes and cess pools, and it is only a question of time when the coon will come along and take him in. They can be located by their croaking. The Alliance Leader: 'Twas the work of the money kings of England that silver was demonetized in order that they might speculate upon the commercial value of gold and silver, and in order that they might increase the value of their bonds and make it more difficult for us to pay them. And do you notice one thing my friends? It is only the class of men who are living off the labor of others that are to-day opposing the free coinage of silver. The Ocala Demand:—We advocate the ownership of American soil by American citizens. Just think of it for one moment, citizens of the United States. One English syndicate owns 4,500,000 acres of land in Texas, and K. C. B., has 2,000,000 acres in Florida; the Duke of Sutherland holds 425,000 acres of American soil; Phillips, Marshall & Co., 1,300,000 acres in the London land company of Tweedale, 1,700,000, etc., and as it was very prominently brought to our notice during an important trial in our own county court in Ocala last summer, it was declared to be the avowed policy of certain foreign land and mortgage companies to acquire Florida lands through the foreclosure of mortgages. Any thinking man will see from these statements, that one of the things that England failed to accomplish during the bloody struggle from '76 to '83 was, slowly, but surely, accomplishing through the instrumentality of that powerful and secret enemy of American liberty and American homes—money.

North to South, coming to a halt only when strength is exhausted. Then comes a weird conclusion to these strange occurrences. The weaker fall and the stronger pass on over their prostrate bodies until the panic-stricken creatures lie in huge swaths, stretched in rings across the plain as far as the eye can reach. "They're upon us," cried the scout leaping to a place of safety. With a wild roar of the countless thousands of feet, filling the air with suffocating clouds of dust, but without uttering a single bleat of pain or cry of terror, the living avalanche poured over the bluff filling the gorge with a thousand crushed and trampled members of the herds, over whose bodies the advancing thousands passed crowding, leaping, struggling, panting, with eyes rolling in terror, and foam dripping from their open mouths. No word had Capt. Jim looked after the safety of his party that barring a few bruises, received upon the exposed portions of the bodies of his horses and cattle, the living avalanche passed harmless over the little caravan.

[TO BE CONTINUED.] Alliance Educational Work. AN EDUCATIONAL FUND GREATLY NEEDED. A Grand Proposition by J. Burrows.

It is coming to be a common remark that the Alliance has performed a great educational work in Nebraska. The superior knowledge of Alliance members upon economic questions, finance, current political history, parliamentary law, etc., is attracting wide attention. The Alliance meetings are debating clubs, institutes, schools of parliamentary usage, and schools of current history, all in one. In addition to this they are schools of business instruction, from the fact that business enterprises are discussed in them, and business schemes broached and carried out. Through all these agencies it is coming to be noticed that the average Alliance farmer is better informed and more intelligent upon all current topics than are the business men of our towns and cities. The latter are driving their business fourteen hours a day. Their reading is confined to the surface skimming of a daily paper. The great economic questions so vital to them are neglected. As a rule they know nothing about the principles of finance or the intricate problems of political economy. The farmers, on the contrary, have their evenings for study and reading, and their Alliance meetings for discussion and inquiry.

The editor of this paper is proud of the part he has had in establishing the Alliance in this state. He has given ten years of almost constant labor to the work. He is also proud of the part this paper has had in the last two years in extending and strengthening the Alliance, and he wishes to make the paper still more useful in the same direction.

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THE ALLIANCE. Notice to Coal Consumers. I have been able to complete arrangements whereby we are better able than we have been heretofore to make satisfactory prices on all grades of Canon City and Trinidad coal, as well as the best grades of Northern Colorado coal, over any line of road running out of Denver or Pueblo. Their capacity is sufficient to guarantee prompt shipments. I will keep purchasers posted on prices upon application. The lowest possible wholesale rates are obtained. Cash must accompany all orders. J. W. HARTLEY, State Agt., Lincoln, Neb.

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